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ON FAMILY PRAYER.

BY C. R. DISNEY, ESQ.

It has been aptly said, by a fine writer, that "prayer should be the key to open the heart in the morning, and lock it against all enemies at night," and the remark cannot fairly be confined to private devotion; the whole household should assemble at the beginning of the day, and when it draweth towards evening, and with one accord address the throne of grace in words of supplication and thanksgiving.

I deem it unnecessary to spend any time in proving this should be done by all families governed by a ruler who professes the religion of the Bible. Independent of the blessings, spiritual and temporal, in answer to prayer, I need only refer to the abiding effects for good on the minds of the children and other members of the household by the force of example; steadily calling them together to offer united prayer to the Father of Mercies, will be of profit to them, though they do not join in spirit with the exercises.

Such being the case, any suggestions as to the appropriate hour of attending to this Christian duty, and as to the most suitable services, and on the mode of conducting them, will, I trust, be acceptable to the readers of the Advocate and Journal. With respect to the time of family worship in the morning, this should always be as early as possible, as soon as may be after

"the heavenly harnessed team
Begins his golden progress in the east."

but not before the whole of the household have risen from repose; no one should be allowed to be absent, and the services ought never to commence till all are assembled. It has been a source of deep grief to me to observe how frequently this rule is transgressed. In some families the exercises begin when probably only the father and mother are present; as the duty is being attended to, one after another, the children drop in. This irregularity should be carefully avoided. I know from experience it will require unwearied effort and the highest discipline to get the attendance of the whole of the family, but all-conquering perseverance and firmness, mixed with mildness, will effect it. When I say all should assemble, the servants or hirelings are of course included; these ought never to be overlooked; they should, at least, receive an invitation; whether resort ought to be had to compulsion in this respect, is a matter that admits of a fair difference of opinion. For myself, living in a city, I have never thought it a Christian duty to be constantly insisting that the domestics should attend this means of grace. Most of the servants in large places are Roman Catholics. Such I have generally hired. I always give them notice that I should be pleased to have them present. Having done this I consider my duty discharged. Let it however be kept in mind, every reasonable exertion should be made to induce servants to join in family worship. Minors of this class should never be excused, and as to those of mature age, endeavors for that purpose ought not to cease until you are fully satisfied they are useless.

As to the evening family worship, this should be performed just before gathering around the domestic board to partake of the repast at the close of the day. That this is the proper hour will be obvious for the following among other reasons; it is a set hour, and the household are in the habit of regulating their affairs in reference to it; those whose business calls them out of doors wait their way homewards, and those pursuing avocations in the house are prepared to leave about this time of the day. If prayers be deferred till later than this the members separate for various engagements, the children have retired to rest, or if not, are drowsy and fretful, and the devotions are apt to be conducted with but a partial attention, and with a lack of the spirit, animation and fervor which should always characterize such essential duties.

As to the services. They ought, invariably, to be, reading the Scriptures, singing, and prayer, and should be performed in the order just named. There is a great diversity in this respect. In many instances the exercise secondly mentioned is altogether neglected, and in some cases, though few, I trust, the reading of the Bible is omitted. I am fully satisfied that no person belonging to the household of faith discharges his whole duty if he dispense with reading the Book of the Lord, or (unless impracticable) singing at family devotions.

With respect to the former, there can, in scarcely any instance, be found a valid excuse for its non-performance, and an excellent way is for the children to read in concert with the parents. The practice of a child's reading aloud on these serious occasions, has many advantages; it gives confidence, fixes attention on the most important truths, and affords an excellent opportunity for the correction of defects in pauses, emphasis, tones, and pronunciation, and for judicious hints on the art of rhetoric; it also furnishes an occasion for questions on the subjects contained in the selected lesson, and for explaining and enforcing them; for these and many other obvious reasons, the Bible should always be read at family prayers, and it would be of advantage to the little folks for them to read it aloud in union with their elders.

With regard to the singing. There may be cases where, from want of early training, the seniors are unable to make melody with their voices, and in such instances, of course they are excusable; but even when they cannot lead the services in this delightful way, some of the children, or other members of the household, may, and when such are to be found, singing should always be a part of family worship. If it were necessary to enlarge on this point, I might say, the utterance of solemn musical sounds to fit words is a very suitable interlude between the reading of the Scriptures and engaging in prayer; it calms and soothes the mind while it is being performed, our thoughts can be collected—better prepared "to take upon ourselves to speak unto the Lord." There are other benefits to be derived from the exercise of singing at the family altar; it aids in the acquisition of knowledge of the sweet science of vocal melody and harmony; and as hymns must be selected, they become so deeply engraven upon the tablets of the memory of the children, that the fingers of time can scarcely efface them; they remain as long as our offspring are conversant with this material science, and rise up in the mind in after life, to console in affliction, cheer in despondency, and aid in warring against sinful affections, and

"The huge army of the world's desires."

A good stock of sacred poetry is always of advantage, and no better way can be devised to furnish one, than the constant habit of singing hymns at family prayers. In furtherance of this object, it is an excellent plan (to use the phrase of our pilgrim fathers) to deacon the words, or line them; this can be done, as is the custom in

many well-regulated households, by others than the heads, say the children, and each of them should have a book containing the selected hymns.

As to prayer. It may seem almost supererogatory to remark, this should be offered during the exercises, and long and approved practice justifies the continuance of the usage to conclude with it. Theologians tell us the parts or divisions of this holy performance are, adoration, confession, supplication, intercession, and thanksgiving; every one of these should rest with weight upon our minds, especially in the great congregation, or at social religious meetings; time, however, will not generally permit their being all comprehended in prayer at the domestic altar, and I would respectfully intimate that supplication for Divine guidance in parental government and instruction; intercession, especially for the salvation of the children and others under our charge; thanksgiving for the blessings of this life and the hopes of another, should ever make part of our aspirations on these solemn interviews. Extempore prayer is deemed most suitable by many wise men in the church; if, however, this mode cannot possibly be practised, no objection, it is presumed, exists against the use of well-digested formularies of devotion.

In conclusion, morning and evening family worship should together occupy at least half an hour of every day. From experience, and the opinion of the most enlightened Christians, prayer, during each service, ought not to exceed one-sixth of this allotment; if circumstances permit more than thirty minutes to be devoted to these duties, (and thankful should we be if this is the case), a larger portion of the Bible may be read, and a longer hymn sung; but five minutes at each exercise for an address to the throne of grace seems, by common consent, the right space of time.

The Lord's prayer ought always be repeated at the close, and all kneeling should audibly join in it. Too much cannot be alleged in favor of this practice, which it grieves me to say, is frequently neglected. Its advantages are so manifest I need not mention them, but hope all my readers will take in good part a hint to amend, if they have omitted this, which I consider a parental duty. My heart's wish is, that the above suggestions may be of use; and as the family, in the Book of inspiration, is frequently used as an emblem of the triumphant church, so may our households show, by doctrine and practice, that they are worthy of this distinguished honor; and in the great day of accounts may stand before the Father, as a family, and all within our domestic circle, be found on the right hand of the Eternal Judge. How delightful the thought of such a glorious consummation of our most cherished hopes and ardent desires!

City of New York, Aug. 27.

For the Herald and Journal.

TOUR IN THE SOUTHWEST.

I would be a little vexed at certain

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS

which occasionally appear in the Herald over my signature, if I could persuade myself that by so doing I could correct the errors or prevent their recurrence. But of course no one is hypercritical concerning newspaper articles; yet if there is one, I advise that brother to write a few articles himself, and assure him he will ever after hold his peace. I am most astonished there are so few errors, and that generally they are so favorable. The worst error made me say I had, or as it might be construed, *owned a local preacher*. Having such a grave charge of slander against *you*, I shall expect that every word or sentence, or sentiment not strictly in accordance with the latest approved rules of rhetorical or moral criticism, will be credited to his blundering and not to the writer, however guilty he may actually be.

I am fearful my readings are becoming too protracted for a newspaper, yet as Bro. Stevens has not given me the hint he has the liberty to give, I will presume a little further. Having spent so long a time in Mobile, under the kind and successful treatment of N. Walkley, M. D., Mrs. B. was thought so much benefited that a change might be made without injury. Moreover a change became necessary in search of employment. If you please we will

from the city for the interior of Alabama and the northern part of Mississippi. The Upper Tombigbee, which is usually called the "Little Bigbee," was so low as to prevent the navigation of large boats, and in our extremity we took passage on the "Sunny South," concerning which, though an old boat, nothing evil must be said, since she carried us safely through. These Southern boats are very comfortable, and with their usually agreeable company, bountiful spread tables, attentive servants, and low fares, offer strong inducements to travel, and are generally well patronized.

Our departure from Mobile was at evening, while the rain fell in floods and night was dense around us; yet little was lost, since scarce anything of interest can be seen the entire length of the river. After travelling six miles upon this river all interest is lost in the

SCENERY.

which is the same ever-recurring waste of dense cane-brake and vine-climbing, with an occasional bluff or "landing," surrounded by the miserable looking log cabins of the negroes, and the often scarcely more comfortable ones of the masters. Such is the great rise of water in this river, that only the high bluffs which are above the reach of the freshets are cultivated. The rest is *primal*. The ever green cane, (such as is used for fishing rods,) thickly planting the ground beneath the majestic live oak, the lofty tulip tree, and the dark magnolia, the parasitical mistletoe bow, and beautiful ferns, creeping vines of every variety, and the grave mosses shaking its long beard from every limb, all lend interest to the scene, which to the traveller is chiefly interesting from its novelty.

The monotony was occasionally broken by stopping at a wood yard or landing, noted by the doleful tolling of the heavy bells used on the Southern and Western boats. There are 300 of these landings between Mobile and Aberdeen, Miss., at any of which boats stop to land a six-penny freight or take a single passenger. It is little necessary delay, however, since the river banks are very steep so that boats may run ashore, above out a plank and immediately be on the way again.

We left Mobile on Wednesday, and near noon on Friday passed Demopolis, the first and only village we had passed for a distance of 250 miles, and this was nearly concealed from view by the high lime-stone bluff on which it is built. During the afternoon we reached

KIRKPATRICK'S LANDING,

our stopping-place on the Tombigbee, about five miles from its confluence with the Black War-

rior. The landing was a high cliff, quite steep, and horribly muddy, but through the politeness of the captain and clerk, Mrs. B. was taken by servants in a chair up the high bluff and into a house at a distance of perhaps an eighth of a mile, while the boat waited the return of the servants. A comfortable carriage with a span of fine horses, which were driven "mighty peert," soon brought us to

"ROSEMOUNT."

the beautiful residence of Col. Williamson A. Glover, a gentleman of wealth, intelligence, and indomitable energy of character. Here we were welcomed with generous hospitality, we spent several days now redolent with pleasing recollections. "Rosemount" is the appropriate name of this delightful spot—appropriate, by reason of the exterior and interior flowers of this paradisaical mansion. I here had opportunity to observe the workings of a large plantation of 150 hands, and to visit several others in the country. Much to my surprise and pleasure I met at Col. G.'s with my enterprising brother, Alexander P. Winchell, whom I last saw at Wesleyan University, and had supposed was teaching at Amherst, N. Y. I had before similarly met at Mobile, with Bro. T. P. Underwood, another Alumnus. Graduates of the University are omnipresent.

Bro. W. and self were invited to look at a

NEGROES' QUILTING PARTY.

held in one of their cabins. This was an aristocratic party, to which none but the *elite* of the and the neighboring plantations were invited. "Twas past 8 o'clock in an evening of February, before the quilting was in full operation. Two quilts were in different rooms, around which were seated men and women, merrily plying the needle after a week's field labor with ploughs and hoes. Boys and men held torches of resinous pine which they occasionally "snuffed," by striking the charred ends upon the hearth or upon the ground without. The various circles, diamonds, &c., marked on the quilts, were made with charcoal, which gave them quite a shady appearance, corresponding with the shady faces bent over them.

By request, after considerable urging, they enthusiastically a number of their religious songs, accompanying them with the most grotesque grinning in token of their gratification at our presence. In the kitchen and in the yard extensive preparations were going on for a grand supper, which was served up at a very late hour.

The whole scene was admirably planned for a superior crayon or charcoal sketch of negro felicity.

There are, probably, few plantations under better management, where the moral and social condition and general comfort of the slaves are better provided for.

Edgartown, Mass. H. BAYLIES.

For the Herald and Journal.

HOLINESS—ITS EFFECTS.

Probably in no part of our being are contrasts between sin and holiness so sensibly perceived as in our passions or emotions; yet, independent of the higher faculties of our mind and the teachings of the Bible, they are no criterion by which we can judge correctly of our spiritual state. To distinguish, therefore, between the right and wrong emotions of the mind, it becomes necessary to appeal to the Bible. "Try the spirits," &c., is a divine injunction, binding upon us all in every condition of life. Yes, "let him that thinketh he standeth," even in the "highway of holiness," "take heed lest he fall." Doubtless many have made shipwreck of true Christian faith by their disregard of these requirements. I have sometimes thought that our passions were at the soul like the wind and water to a ship. The ship, to answer the design of the builder, must have them. Yet no one thinks of its being controlled and guided solely by them. The chart and the compass are requisite. So with the soul of man. The wind and waves of passion or emotion, however good they may be, need to be guided and controlled by the Spirit and chart of God.

Emotions, as every intelligent and experienced Christian knows, proceed from various causes. Sometimes they are the result of physical causes; at other times they are occasioned by outward circumstances; then again they may be brought upon the mind through the influence and power of temptation, and they may also be the gracious fruits of the Holy Spirit.

In no case should our emotions be permitted to guide us when they clash with the teachings of the word or providence of God. Emotions of the Holy Spirit's producing, never conflict with such teaching. The Spirit, the word and the providences of God, are the trinity by which the holy soul is ways upheld and guided, or rather, about strong inducements to travel, and are generally well patronized.

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For the Herald and Journal.

METHODISM IN NORWICH.

The Methodist societies in this town (four in number) evince a good degree of prosperity. The society in Norwich City have made some important alterations in their church during the past summer. The slips have been turned round, the old pulpit removed, and a very neat and convenient one constructed. The floor has been newly carpeted, all the seats have been cushioned, and the walls papered in imitation of marble; also, a neat iron fence has been erected in front. The church now, within and without, has a pleasant and comfortable aspect. The Trustees deserve credit for the taste they have displayed, and the society for their enterprise.

This church was re-opened on the third Sabbath in August, with an eloquent and appropriate discourse, by Rev. Dr. Wentworth, on 2 Chron. 7: 16.

Rev. D. N. Bentley, one of the oldest local preachers in this district, a resident of this town,

and identified with the history of Methodism in Norwich from the first, was expected to deliver a discourse in the afternoon, on the history of the M. E. Church in N.; but owing to the state of his health on the occasion, it was postponed, and Rev. F. W. Hill delivered a deeply interesting and impressive discourse to young men, in its stead.

On the last Sabbath in August, Bro. Bentley presented the discourse he had prepared. It was full of interest, and contained many striking incidents and valuable reminiscences. Bro. B. is preparing an article on the same subject, which will be forwarded for publication in the Herald.

Rev. G. M. Carpenter is laboring acceptably and efficiently in this charge. There are indications of increasing spiritual prosperity.

Greenville society, through the pastoral labors of Rev. M. P. Alderman, is enjoying a very cheering and increasing revival. Several have been converted. Meetings are now held nearly every evening. Many are serious, and a number converts are every morning.

Rev. E. Benton is laboring earnestly and successfully with the society in the north part of this town. A number have been converted during the summer. One conversion of great interest occurred last week. I understand their house of worship is to be remodelled this fall.

At Norwich Falls, the field of Rev. B. M. Walker's indefatigable labors, some unpleasant matters have been satisfactorily adjusted recently, and things were an encouraging aspect. There have been eight conversions this week, and many are now serious.

L. DAGGETT, Jr.

JOHN WESLEY ON INTemperance.

John Wesley was a strong temperance man. Living in a day when drunkenness was common, even among ministers at God's altar, he advanced sentiments which have not been surpassed for strength of argument and boldness of denunciation of the most vehement denouncers of the traffic in modern times. At that day it was something for a man to talk after this fashion to the dealers in intoxicating drinks:

"Neither may we gain by hurting our neighbor in his body. Therefore, we may not sell anything which tends to impair health. Such is, eminently, all that liquid fire commonly called drams, or spirituous liquors. It is true, these may have a place in medicine; they may be of use in some bodily disorders; although there would rarely be occasion for them, were it not for the unskillfulness of the practitioner. Therefore, such as prepare and sell them only for the end, may keep their conscience clear. But who are they? Who prepare them only for this end? Do you know ten such distillers in England? Then excuse these. But all who sell them in the common way, are poisoners general. They murder his Majesty's subjects by wholesale. Neither does their eye pity or spare. They drive them to hell like sheep. And what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who then would envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them. The curse of God cleaves to the stones, the timber, the furniture of them. The curse of God is in their gardens—their walks—their groves; a fire that burns to the nethermost hell. Blood, blood is there; the foundation—the floor—the walls—the roof—are stained with blood."

And canst thou hope, O thou man of blood! though thou art clothed in scarlet and fine linen, and farest sumptuously every day; canst thou hope to deliver down thy fields of blood to the third generation? Not so; for there is a God in heaven; therefore, thy name shall soon be rooted out. Like as those whom thou hast destroyed, body and soul, thy memorial shall perish with thee."

In a tract entitled "A Word to the Drunkard," he uses the following pointed language: "Are you a man? God made you a man; but you have made yourself a beast. Wherein does a man differ from a beast? Is it not chiefly in reason and understanding? You strip yourself of understanding. You do all you can to make yourself a mere beast; not a fool—a pig—a swine. Go and wallow with them in the mire. Go, drink on, till thy nakedness be uncovered, and shameful spilling be on thy glory."

O how honorable is a beast of God's making, compared to one who makes himself a beast! But that is not all. You make yourself a devil. You stir up all the devilish tempers that are in you, and gain others which were not in you; at least you heighten and increase them. You cause the fire of anger, or malice, or lust, to burn ten times hotter than before. At the same time you grieve the Spirit of God, till you drive him quite away from you; and whatever spark of good remained in your soul, you drown and quench at once."

THE EGYPTIAN COPTS.

The Copts of the present day have entirely lost their ancient learning, and are both intellectually and socially degraded; though still retaining a proud recollection of their ancestors. After having been thinned by ages of persecution and apostasy, they still amount to some 150,000 persons, nearly 10,000 of whom reside in Cairo, in a quarter specially assigned them. Great numbers live in the district called the "Faïoum," and the remainder are scattered up and down in the cities and towns, where for the most part, they till the offices of secretaries and accountants. Their language is radically the same with the old Egyptian, but with many foreign admixtures and additions. It is not spoken, but is still used in their sacred books and public services; and it now furnishes a valuable key to the study of the hieroglyphics. From the numerous monasteries in the East, so many manuscripts in the Coptic and Sahidic dialects have been discovered by the Venerable Archdeacon Tattam, and others, that a complete copy of the Sacred Scriptures has been recently printed, I believe, in their language. The Coptic tenets are in the main orthodox; but the people are divided into various sects, Jacobites, Eutychians, Monophysites, and Monothelites. Some of their practices are peculiar. They use both circumcision and baptism. The former is not deemed essential; but they consider that a child dying unbaptized will be blind in the future life. Pilgrimages they highly esteem, especially to Jerusalem, where they have a convent; and like the Jews and Mahometans, they abstain as well from pork as from things strangled, and from blood. Their religious orders consist of a patriarch, bishops, archbishops, priests, deacons, monks, and nuns. The patriarch is always unmarried; the bishops are usually so or widowers. The priests are allowed to marry, but only to virgins. The deacons have the same privilege; but they are often mere boys. Monks and nuns take a vow of celibacy; and in some religious establishments they reside together; and generally speaking, marriage is sanctioned only among members of their own body. In the

ceremonies of marriages and burials, and in their general habits, they differ but little from the Mahometans. Their costume, however, is usually confined to gray, or gloomy colors. Their feelings are not, of course, friendly towards their Moslem oppressors; but are less hostile to them than to Christians of the Greek church, an antipathy which they appear to have derived from their ancestors of the seventh century, and to which may be chiefly attributed the success of the Mahomedan invasion. The Abyssinian church is an offshoot from the Coptic, and is supposed to have been founded about the middle of the fourth century. It holds the same doctrines and rites; and its chief abode, or metropolitan, is nominated by the Coptic patriarch. —Beldam's Recollections of the East.

For the Herald and Journal.

SABBATH SCHOOL PIC NIC.

A Sabbath School Pic Nic, and gathering of Methodist Sabbath Schools in the Connecticut valley: Strange as it may seem, yet it is perfectly true. And it was in Northampton, that, that stiff, old-fashioned, Puritan place. Its sober inhabitants stared in wonder, as a procession of between eight hundred and a thousand Methodist Sabbath School scholars marched through their streets.

It was almost an impromptu gathering; with only a notice of a few days, the Methodist schools from Springfield, Chicopee, Chicopee Falls, Williamsburg, Greenfield, and South Deerfield, assembled at Northampton, Thursday, the 11th of Sept. A procession was formed at the depot, when escorted by the Northampton brass band, we marched to the beautiful grove on Round Hill, the property of the Water Cure Establishment, which had been kindly and freely offered for our meeting. Tables were arranged in different parts of the grove for the different schools, and an hour was devoted to a discussion of the rich contents spread upon them. At the conclusion of the repast, the schools were all called together, and after singing and prayer by Rev. C. Baker, short addresses were given by Revs. J. Paulson, of Greenfield, H. M. Nichols, of Williamsburg, F. A. Griswold, of Union street church, Springfield, and J. D. Bridge, of Pinechon street. Several pieces of music were then sung by the Pinechon street school and their leader, Bro. Pesse. The whole company were entertained with peaches from E. Clark, Esq., who resided near the ground. An hour was then spent in wandering around the ground, singing and swinging, when we were all called together, H. M. Nichols chosen Secretary, and a vote of thanks was given to the Water Cure Company for the use of their beautiful grove.

The procession was then re-formed, and headed by the Springfield Brass Band, marched through the rural streets of this rural place to the depot. Good was accomplished by this gathering. Northampton learned there were a great many more Methodists in the world than she had ever dreamed of before; the various schools saw each other, and all went home loving Sabbath Schools more than ever.

H. M. NICHOLS.

For the Herald and Journal.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY—RESOLUTIONS.

At a meeting of the Students of the Wesleyan University, held Sept. 9th, the following Resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst the Rev. Stephen Olin, D. D., LL. D., our much revered President. Therefore,

Resolved, That by this afflictive dispensation we have sustained the loss of one, whose eminent virtues and attainments, had won for him the respect and esteem of all who knew him; and while the church has been deprived of a zealous supporter and an eloquent divine, his country of a generous patriot and a great man, our institution has lost an officer whose profound learning and splendid talents, whose liberal and intelligent piety, and untiring devotion to our welfare, rendered him peculiarly fitted for his responsible station, and commanded our admiration, while they engaged our affections. To know him was to venerate him.

Resolved, That with grateful emotions we will ever cherish his memory, and endeavor to emulate a character so noble and an example so brilliant.

Resolved, That in the midst of so great a bereavement, we are happy to express our confidence in the ability and integrity of our Faculty, whose arduous labors bespeak an affectionate interest in our prosperity.

Resolved, That his widow, in this hour of trial, receive our warmest sympathies, and our earnest prayers be offered that the great God may send her that consolation which alone can sustain her, and that grace which only can solve the mystery of such a providence.

Resolved, That as a token of respect, we wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to Mrs. Olin, and also to the various journals for publication.

In behalf of the Students,
C. T. RANSOM,
H. W. WARREN,
C. B. FORD,
Wesleyan University, Sept. 13.

For the Herald and Journal.

RESOLUTIONS.

Wesleyan University, Sept. 1851.

MR. EDITOR:—Will you please insert in your paper the following resolutions, adopted on the 8th inst., by the Senior Class of the Wesleyan University.

Resolved, That in the recent sudden death of our classmate, Enoch Jagger, we have sustained the loss of one whose eminent virtues had gained for him a place in our warmest affections. As a scholar he was diligent and successful; as a companion amiable and engaging. As a Christian he was distinguished for a deep, unassuming, uniform piety, which gave to his daily life a fidelity and zeal we have seldom witnessed.

Resolved, That we extend to the widowed mother and her family our kindest sympathies, earnestly praying that the God of the widow and fatherless may give them such consolation and support as no human sympathy can afford.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to Mrs. Jagger, and also to the Christian Advocate and Journal, and to the Zion's Herald for publication.

Signed, In behalf of the class,

WM. R. CLARK,
ARCHIBALD C. FOSB,
GEO. H. R. WALTON.

SENSITIVENESS.

Be not affronted at a jest. If one throw salt at thee, thou wilt receive no harm unless thou hast sore places.

For the Herald and Journal.

"BREVITY IS THE SOUL OF WIT."

MR. EDITOR:—The above old saying is as true now as it ever was. While paying the Telegraph man so much apiece for every word I said, the other day, I thought how glad I should be, if some public speakers were obliged to do so. I read your remarks about Dr. Olin, a man whom I regarded higher than almost any other notwithstanding his long sermons—yet I must say, that it seems to me that *that* very "concentrated" power of intellect was the prime cause of his early physical destruction; for did he not allow it to have its way, unwittingly, till it prostrated him? It was his *wonderfully* fruitful mind, however, that contented me to hear him an hour and three quarters, without impatience; and because, too, I seldom had the chance. But I have no patience with those who *they* shall be called as great, if they only sermonize as long. The like of him we shall not soon see again; nor do I desire to see one try to be like him, in that respect. If they are only as good, and as unaffected in manners in the pulpit as he was, I shall have greater confidence in their usefulness, if they omit all attempts at imitation in this particular. "Be yourself," rather. LACOS.

THE R-GIT SPIRIT.

A man called on David Paul Brown a few months since, saying to him, "I have a case, Mr. Brown, which I wish you to manage for me." "I am happy to see you, sir. What is the nature of your case?" "I wish, sir, to procure your services in obtaining a runaway slave." "You cannot have my services," was David's answer. "Mr. Brown, I will pay you well for your services." "Money cannot pay my services, nor enlist me in such an unholy cause," was the reply. "Well, will you not recommend me to some gentleman that will undertake it for me?" "No gentleman, sir, will be engaged in so mean a business." The slaveholder then despaired of procuring the least aid, either directly or indirectly from this noble specimen of a man. He took his hat, and remarked, "then as you will not give me any assistance I must bid you good morning, Mr. Brown." "You can't do a more agreeable thing, sir," was David's prompt and honest reply.—Rochester Democrat.

THE MAIN SPRING.

Here is a gold watch, which combines embellishment and utility, in happy proportions, and is usually considered a very valuable appendage to the person of a gentleman. Its hands, face, chain and case are of chased and burnished gold. Its gold scale speaks with the ruby, the topaz, the sapphire, the emerald. I open it, and find the works, without this elegant case, as would be a mere shell, those hands motionless, and those figures without meaning, are made of brass. I investigate further, and ask, what is the spring by which all these are put in motion, made of? I am told it is made of steel. I ask what is steel? The reply is, that it is iron which has undergone a certain process. So then I find the main spring, without which the watch would be motionless, and its hands, figures and embellishments but toys, is not of gold—that is not sufficiently good, nor of brass, that would not do, but of iron.

Iron is therefore the only precious metal; and this watch is an apt emblem of society. Its hands and figures, which tell the hour, resemble the master spirits of the age, to whose movements every eye is directed. Its useless, but sparkling seals, sapphires, rubies, topaz, and embellishments, the aristocracy. Its works of brass, the middle class, by the increasing intelligence and power of which the master spirits of the age are moved; and its iron main-spring, shut up in a box always at work, but never thought of, except when it is disordered, broke or wants winding up, symbolically the laborious classes, which, like the main spring, we wind up by the payment of wages; and which classes are shut up in obscurity, and though constantly at work, and absolutely as necessary to the movement of society as the iron main spring is to the watch, are never thought of except when they require their wages, or are in some want or disorder of some kind or other.—Everett.

GRAVE OF S. S. PRENTISS.

But a little more than a mile from the beautiful streets of Natchez, close by the roadside, is a sweet, unobtrusive grove of flowering shrubs and trees that bend their pensive branches to the ground, as if they overshadowed and guarded some precious deposit. A railing encloses them; and although a palace-like mansion is near, and a proudly embowered domain, yet a sweet and sacred stillness rests over the grove. Birds of melodious song and glorious plumage pour out their most thrilling harmonies there; and well they may! for beneath the boughs they stand on sleeps one whose voice had more than the wickerwork of all the choristers of the fragrant forests of the South.

And the thunder cloud, that oftentimes rolls above that place of lowly rest, solemnly rehearsing its deep-toned attestations of its eternal Creator's sovereignty and power, may hush for a moment its fearful growl. He who sleeps there could thunder like Demosthenes; and the flash of intellect, and the courtesies of his wit were as dazzling and as rapid as those which leap from yonder over-arching canopy of storm.

There sleeps Prentiss! The boy from Maine, who came in youth to Mississippi to live—to win immortal fame! and who came back to it in the high noon of his manhood to die—and find so sweet and quiet a grave!—Piscataway.

SOW AS YOU WOULD REAP.

If you should see a man digging in a snow-drift with the expectation of finding valuable ore, or planting seeds on the rolling billows, you would say at once that he was beside himself. But in what respect does this man differ from you, while you sow the seeds of idleness and dissipation in your youth, and expect the fruits of wealth will be a good constitution, elevated affections and holy principles.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Account him thy real friend who desires thy good, rather than

ORIGINAL LINES.

Written at Bristol, N. H., Camp Meeting, Sept. 5, 1851.

Here in this temple, Lord of love!
A sacred place for praise and prayer;
Here all thy works, beneath above,
An impress of thy glories are.

For thou hast waked this gentle breeze,
And thou hast waked this gentle breeze;
Thy hand has raised these ancient trees,
And filled with rest this solemn shade.

O, 'tis a hallowed place, and time,
To seek thee in this shady wood,
And all the cares of life resign,
To sweet communion with our God.

Thy presence and thy smile is here;
Baptize our souls afresh to thee—
Remove each sin, expel each fear,
In perfect love, O make us free.

Help us to give ourselves away,
And consecrate to thee our all;
Help us to work, and watch, and pray,
Nor let us tire, nor faint, nor fall.

Back to the world we soon must go;
O Lord, protect us with thy care!
Go, with thy small and chosen few,
And keep them from the evil there.

And when our days are spent for thee,
O may we sing redeeming love,
In holier, sweeter harmony,
Midst the celestial groves above.

Sept. 4, 1851. H. WASON.

A SUMMER EVENING.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

Another day, with mute allies,
Has gone down yon untrodden sky;
And still it looks as clear and blue
As when it first was hung on high.

The sinking sun, the darkening cloud,
That drew the lightning in its rear,
The thunder, trumping deep and loud,
Have left no footmark there.

The village bells, with silver chime,
Come softened o'er the distant shore;
Though I have heard them many a time,
They never rung so sweet before.

A silence rests upon the hill,
A listening awe pervades the air;
The flowers are shut and still,
And bowed as if in prayer.

And in this hushed and breathless close,
O'er earth, and air, and sky, and sea,
A still, low voice, in silence goes,
Which speaks alone, great God, of thee—

The whispering leaves, the far-off brook,
The linnets' warble, fainter grown,
The hive-buzzard, the homeward rook,
All these their Maker own.

Now shine the starry hosts of light,
Gazing on earth with golden eyes;
Bright sentinels that guard the night,
What are ye in your native skies?

I know not! neither can I know,
Nor on what leader ye attend,
Nor whence ye came, nor whither go,
Nor what your aim nor end.

I know they must be holy things,
That from a roof so sacred shine,
Where sound the beat of angel wings,
And footsteps echo all divine.

Their mysteries I never sought,
Nor harkened to what science tells,
For, O! in childhood I was taught
That God amid them dwells.

The deepening woods, the fading trees,
The grasshopper's last feeble sound;
The flowers just awakened by the breeze,
All leave the stillness more profound.

The twilight takes a deeper shade,
The dusky pathways darker grow,
And silence reigns in glen and glade,
While all is mute below.

And other eyes, as sweet as this,
Will close upon calm as a day—
Then, sinking down the deep abyss,
Will, like the last, be swept away.

Until eternity is gained—
The boundless sea without a shore,
That without time forever reigned,
And will when time's no more.

Now nature sinks in soft repose,
A living sense of the grave;
The dew steals noiseless on the rose,
The hush of time almost seemed to wave;

The silent sky, the sleeping earth,
Tree, mountain, stream, the humble sod—
All told from whom they had their birth,
And cry, "Behold a God!"

TEMPERANCE.

In the Lights of Temperance, a new work, edited by James Young, and published by Morton & Griswold, Louisville, Ky., is an article from the pen of Rev. A. B. Longstreet, L. D., President of Oxford College, Miss., entitled "A Voice of Warning," from which we make the following extract:

I witnessed once a scene which came appropriately in place here. During the commencement exercises of Emory College, upon one occasion the Governor of the State of Georgia, and his lady, with a goodly number of other friends, were staying with me. All were light-hearted, cheerful, and happy, when a female form, plainly but neatly attired, entered my gate, and advanced to my door. I received her, and, upon her request to see the Governor, I conducted her to his room.

"Governor," said she, "I am the mother of the man who is to be executed, four days hence, at Columbus for murder. Hearing of his sentence in Maryland, where I live, I hastened with all speed to Millersville, to beg of you a respite of his sentence, till the meeting of the Legislature. There my money gave out; but not finding you there, I have followed you hither, having walked most of the way (sixty-five miles) to make the request. Governor will you not suspend the sentence?"

"Madam," said the Governor, his eyes already filled with tears, for no Governor ever had a kinder heart, "if I were to grant the respite, you could not possibly reach him with it, in your enfeebled and exhausted situation, in time to save him."

"Yes I will, Governor; give it to me, and I will have it in Columbus before the hour of execution arrives."

"Then you would have to travel night and day, for four nights, and three days and a half?"

"Only give me the respite, and it shall reach him in time. I shall see him, any how, before he dies; but I have no time to lose."

"Madam," said the Governor, "I most deeply sympathize with you, and it pains me to tell you, that I should violate my official duty to grant the respite. I have examined the case, and I cannot find a single mitigating circumstance in it, in your son's favor."

"O, Governor! my son is not a murderer at heart. His disposition is peaceable. He was not himself when he committed the deed. O, Governor! here on my knees before you, I pray you have pity upon a poor heart-broken widowed mother!"

Our wives sobbed aloud, and the Governor and myself mingled our tears profusely over the bending suppliant. There was but one of the band that could speak, and that one bore the burden of us all, multiplied a thousand fold. The Governor raised her from her knees, and re-

peated, by a shake of the head, what he had already said.

And now went forth from that poor woman's heart—what shall I call it? A sigh? It was not that. A sob? It was not that. A groan? It was not that; but an indescribable out-breathing of all that is eloquent in grief, and melting in sorrow. Her accents had caught the ears of the group in the adjoining porch, and produced a death-like silence there: and my habitation, so lately the scene of mirth, was like the court of death.

At length she broke silence:—
"If there is no hope, I must hasten to my child before he dies."

She rose, and tremblingly advanced to the porch, followed by the sympathizing friend, but unyielding Chief Magistrate. She passed the crowd without seeming to notice them; and, as her foot fell upon the step that was to conduct her away from the habitation of hope, she cast back a melting look, and commenced her last appeal, with "O! Governor! for God's sake!" when she sunk to the floor. At length, rising, as if moved by the thought that she was losing the time which alone would enable her to see her son alive, she retired.

The Governor disappeared with her, his carriage soon followed, and though no questions were asked on his return, I doubt not, that he offered her the best solace that he could, in her extremity, without a breach of duty.

Now I ask, what is all the good that ardent spirits have ever done, compared with the pangs which this one poor widow has suffered? But her's was no uncommon case. Multiply her afflictions by ten thousand, and you will get the exponent of what one class, and that about the best of our race, have suffered from the use of intoxicating drinks. Ah! God bless you, men, I fear we shall have a dread account to render at the court of Heaven, for our dealings with this class of the human family."

LADIES.

For the Herald and Journal.

"I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY."

The inspired penman has presented us with the history of one, who, from the most elevated point of human felicity, had fallen to the lowest depth of human suffering. His life had been as pure as it had been peaceful—as holy as it had been happy; and while now resigning every earthly good, he looked forward to the recompense of the just, saying, with confidence, "I know that my Redeemer liveth!" who can wonder that in reference to the present life, he should say, "I loathe it, I would not live alway."

Existence may become a burden, and death may be desired as the contemplated end of human woe, where the life has not been thus pure and holy. Many have attempted, even by the suicidal act, to escape the ills of life, thus rashly venturing on the unknown shore. Modern infidelity in its different forms, has endeavored to furnish reasons to do away the dread of that hour, and to throw its torch-light over the gloomy valley, but its ways can never penetrate the darkness beyond, nor guide the departing spirit in its mystic flight.

Faith lights up a vista to the glories of a brighter world, and many in view of those glories, have looked with contempt on all the pleasures of this life, and in the enjoyment of health, and youth, and friends, and every earthly good, have longed to cross the flood, and enter on the joys of immortality.

It was at the close of a sultry Sabbath day in the early part of the summer preceding the present, that I went to pay my last visit to a dying friend. She had long since given her heart to the Saviour, and in the prospect of death she saw only the consummation of her fondest anticipations. Around that hour her brightest visions had clustered ever since she knew a Saviour's love. Faith had lifted the curtain which separates the two worlds; she had heard the song of angels, and from that hour she had felt that she was "a stranger and a pilgrim here"—her treasure was in heaven, and her heart was there also.

"O, blessed thought! If such were her views in the early morning of life, when useful, beloved and happy, with fair prospects of life before her, no wonder that death should now be welcome, when protracted suffering had rendered that life a burden and dissolved the silken ties that bound her to earth—for disease had long and surely marked her as its victim. Mary Ann was a great sufferer. There was a time when death to her was not thus welcome. Immersed in the varying scenes of worldly interest and worldly pleasure, she looked on death with peculiar dread. And why should she not? It was the terminus of earthly hopes, and she had none beyond them.

Twenty-one summers had scattered their blossoms around her pathway, when she first became interested in the subject of religion. It was not the threatening thunder of Sinai that arrested her attention, but the "still, small voice," saying, "this is the way, walk ye in it." She paused and listened, and her spirit was attracted by an influence before unmet, unknown.

Conviction was at first directed to one point, the sinful character of fashionable amusements; but while she heeded the Spirit's teachings, and listened to the monitor within, these impressions imperceptibly almost to herself, had already become like leaves, pervading her whole moral nature. She felt that she had sinned against a being of infinite purity, and that sinful and unholy she could never enter heaven. Long time she wept in secret over her lost condition, bearing on her burdened spirit the crushing consciousness of unrepented sin, until she felt she could no longer live without a Saviour's love. The changing seasons had revolved, but their changes brought no peace to her bosom. The autumnal frosts had again withered the foliage of summer, and the winds of another winter were howling the requiem of the closing year, but a glow deeper than that which mantled the face of nature, hung around her spirit, yet un-
sated.

It was in a most unexpected hour, "when the last ray of hope had fled," and every refuge had failed, that she found the "pearl of great price." Supported by a friendly arm, for in the agony of her spirit her physical strength had given way, she bowed at the altar of prayer. Here God had prepared the *Bethesda*, into whose troubled waters she was enabled by faith to enter, and was made every whit whole. The sacrifice of a broken and contrite heart, the tempest in her soul was hushed to peace, "the dungeon flamed with light," her chains fell off, and she felt that she was free!

But what return could dust and ashes make for love like this? What but the heart's full offering could the grateful spirit render for such amazing grace? More she could not, less she would not wish to give to Him who had thus wonderfully saved her. The language of her heart was, what shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits? She labored now to find herself always accepted of God, and to know that her ways pleased him, and thereforeward she rested not until she felt the assurance that her all was on the altar of consecration, and accepted of him who had called her unto his kingdom and glory. How fully that consecration was sustained and perpetuated, as evidenced by characteristic developments, those may testify who have witnessed her untiring devotion in "the patience of hope and the labor of love."

But her work was done. The last week of her life had been one of dreadful suffering; her faith was put to its severest test, but she was prepared to say, "The cup which my heavenly Father giveth me, shall I not drink it?" She drained the bitter chalice to its dregs without a murmur—"Not my will, but thine be done." For six tedious nights and days she had scarce closed her eyes in slumber, yet reason firmly maintained her throne, and with intellect clear, and faith unwavering, and confidence unshaken, she calmly awaited the hour of her last trial.

That hour has now arrived; she stands on the margin of the flood, beneath her feet the waves of death in hoarse murmurs are darkly rolling; the shores beyond are brightly glowing; kindred spirits gather there all radiant with immortality, and angels are sweetly whispering, "Sister spirit, come away!"

A few more pangs endured, another night of weariness and pain, and thou shalt suffer no more.

The morning sun arose again in splendor upon a smiling earth, and called forth the busy tribes of men to their duties and their toils, but *her* duties and *her* toils were finished; she had entered her long desired Sabbath, which will know no ending.

"Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Dear spirit, rest thee now;
Even while with ours, thy footsteps tread,
His seal was on thy brow.

"Dust to its narrow home beneath,
Soul to its rest on high;
They who have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die."

Amid the pleasant scenery where her childhood and youth were passed, she has found her last resting-place. Above her grave the storm-wind moans, and the gentle zephyr whispers alike unheeded, but her pure spirit has gained the cloudless realms of immortality, where "storms never come."

S. B. K.
Dexter, Me., Aug. 15.

SLANDER.

Surgery may heal a bodily wound; but what balm can bind up the bite of a slanderous tongue. Robbery may be recompensed by restitution; but how can you ever make amends to the man you have traduced? I tell you truly, not all the wealth you have in the world can wipe away the wrong you have done in such a case.

PARENTS.

WHERE IS HEAVEN?

During one of those still evenings in the very heart of summer, when the twilight, deepening space, seems to withdraw the earth from us, and to bring the heavens near, a mother and her little girl sat together by an open window, and both looked up to the sky. The lady was lost in thought; but her child counted the stars to a low, merry tone, singing "Two, six, ten, twenty, a hundred—a hundred bright stars!—O, how many; many, many! and how bright!" until, turning to her mother, and grasping her dress to secure attention, she exclaimed, with sudden energy, "Tell me, mother, is heaven in the stars?"

"Gently, Alice," said her mother. "In the stars? No, certainly not."

"Where is it then?"—in the sky, between the stars? Do tell me where it is. "Once you said you would tell me when I was old enough to understand, and I think I can understand now."

"Come here, then!" her mother replied, holding out her arms to the little girl, "sit quietly on my lap, and I will tell you something about it; but you must be very attentive, because it is not easy for a little child to comprehend such great truths. You asked, just now, whether heaven were in the stars. What did your father tell you, yesterday, about the stars?"

"He told me that some of them, but only just a very few, were worlds something like our world, and that they went round and round the sun, and had day and night, and summer and winter. The rest, he said, were great, big suns, ever so far off, O so far off! nobody knew how far some of them were; and he had no doubt there were worlds going round and round those suns too, and people in the worlds who were put there to learn what is good and true; and he supposed they were tempted to do wrong, and were sometimes unhappy, as we are."

"Then do you suppose heaven is there?"

"O no! of course it is not. I did not think of that."

"No, my darling child, heaven is not in any place which we can see with our bodily eyes. We cannot point with hands of flesh to the road that leads to that country, nor walk along it with these feet. If you went up into the depths of the sky, and searched it through, from north to south, and from east to west, you would not find heaven there, nor meet one angel on your way."

"Then, mother, are you sure there is a heaven, if it is not anywhere?"

"Sure? Yes, as sure as that I love you, and that you love me. Do you love me?"

"Why, mother, you know I do!"

"Are you sure? Can you see your love?"

"No."

"Can you lay hold of it with your hands?"

"No."

"What shape is it, round or square?"

"I don't know," said Alice, laughing, "It is not any shape."

"Where is it?—can you tell me that?"

"No, I am sure I cannot. It is all inside of me; and when you see there can be a real thing which you cannot look at with your bodily eyes, nor touch with these little hands, and which does not occupy any earthly space, but which is still a real, true, living thing. Just such a real, true thing is heaven; only it is a different kind of a thing, different kind of world from this earth, and, like your love, does not fill natural space. You say your love is inside your soul; there, then, and not on the earth, or among the stars, which lie all outside of it, you must look for the path that leads to heaven. If you pray to God, and try to do what you know is pleasing in his sight, he will show it to you, and lead you safely along it."

"Will he really show it to me? and will it be beautiful, all covered with flowers?"

"You know I told you we cannot see those things with our bodily eyes; but if you try to be a good girl, God will put true thoughts, and gentle, loving feelings into your heart, and they will guide you to heaven, where the pure and happy angels live."

"Could I see the angels with my eyes?"

"Not with those eyes."

"But I have not got any other eyes."

"Yes, you have. Your spirit has eyes."

"I don't think it has, mother; for, when I shut those two up so," said Alice, pressing her lids so tightly together that scarcely more than the tips of her long lashes were visible, "I cannot see one bit; it is all dark."

"That is because your spiritual eyes are closed."

"But, why can I not open them?"

"God has not given us the power to open them while we are in this world; and, if they were open, we could no more see earthly things with them, than we can see heavenly things with our bodily eyes."

"What should I see with them?"

"Any spiritual thing that was near to you. Very painful and ugly things, if you were nigh-

ty; beautiful things, and angels, if you were good. Do you not remember, how often, in the Bible, we are told of good men who had their eyes opened, and saw, and talked with angels?"

"Yes," replied the little girl, and added in a low and reverent voice, "They saw the Lord, too, after he had risen; and he blessed them. He said, 'Peace be with you.'"

"Yes, love. All those holy things men saw with their spiritual eyes, when it pleased God to open them."

"Why will he not open ours now, and let us see angels?"

"God loves us, my child, with an infinite love, and if it were good for us he would; but he does not, and therefore we may know that it would do us harm. Do you think, if you saw angels and other spiritual things about you all the time, you could attend properly to your lessons, and the other duties you have to perform here?"

"No," said Alice, "I do not think I could, for even the little birds flying past make me look up from my book."

After a long pause, during which her mother kept silence, that the little one might have time to garner in her golden harvest of new thoughts, she looked up again, and said with great earnestness, "Mother, I should like to die."

Kissing tenderly the little upraised face, her mother replied, "I hope, dear one, that you will like to die, when it is God's will to take you; but, remember, merely dying does not take us to heaven. You must be glad and grateful to live; you must make the very best use you possibly can of the time God gives you, for it is only so that we can become good and happy in this world, or any world. And now, my darling, it is late, and you must go to bed. Give me one more kiss; and do not forget to say your prayers before you go to sleep. If you are a good girl, I will tell you more about heaven some other day. Good night."

Little Alice went to bed full of thought, but no sooner had her innocent head touched the pillow, than she was in a sound, sweet sleep.—*Arthur's Home Gazette.*

CHILDREN.

THE FUGITIVES.

Lucy and Jane were on their way to school. They lived in the country, and the school house was more than a mile from their home. Their road lay through a pleasant wood, where the flowers bloomed and the birds sang; in almost every thicket wild fruit hung in tempting clusters. The little girls loitered along in the pleasant shade, sometimes singing gaily as the birds, at others gathering the flowers and fruits along their path. At a sudden turn in the road, they saw (to them) a strange sight—two colored persons, a man and woman, seated beneath a tree against which they leaned, buried in a profound sleep. They were dressed in very poor clothes, and their shoes were worn almost off their feet. Each had a small bundle tied in a cotton handkerchief lying beside them. They were strangers; neither Jane nor Lucy had ever seen them before.

"Who can they be?" said Jane.

"I wonder where they came from and where they are going."

"Suppose we ask them," said Lucy; they look tired and hungry."

The girls approached gently, but the rustling of the leaves, lightly as they trod, awakened the sleepers. They sprang to their feet and looked anxiously around. Seeing only the two little girls, they sat down and asked if they knew any place where they could get anything to eat.

"Are you hungry?" said Lucy—"there, you can take my dinner, I can do very well without any." So saying, both the girls placed their baskets before the travellers, and told them to take all they contained. While, with many thanks they eagerly devoured the food, the little girls asked them why they were sitting alone in the woods, instead of going to a house for food and lodging.

"Ah, miss," said the man, "we don't know anybody here, and we don't like to go among strangers. You won't tell anybody you saw us, will you?"

"O no," said Lucy, "I think I know where you came from now, and where you are going to."

"If you will come with us, we will show you where we live. Father never turns hungry people away from his door."

"No, no, kind little lady," said the woman, "we can't stop now. Got mighty far to walk before sundown, and now you gave us such a good breakfast, we can get along so much faster."

Lucy and Jane would gladly have taken the fugitives to their home; but they seemed so anxious to get forward on their journey, that they could not persuade them to stop. They had travelled several hundred miles from the interior of a slave State, and in a few days they hoped to be safe from the power of their master. Many little girls like Lucy and Jane, give food to the hungry and naked fugitives, who pass through our midst in their flight from worse than Egyptian bondage. Let warm hearts and open hands deal bread to the hungry and clothes to the naked.

THE BROKEN WINDOW.

A very pleasant incident occurred in one of our public schools, some time ago. It seems that the boys attending the school, of the average of seven years, had in their play of bat and ball broken one of their neighbor's windows, but no clue to the offender could be obtained, as he would not confess, nor would any of his associates expose him. The case troubled the teacher, and on the occasion of one of their citizens visiting the school, she privately and briefly stated the circumstance, and wished him in some remarks to the school, to advert to the principle involved in the case. The address to the school, had reference principally to the conduct of boys in the streets and at their sports—to the principles of rectitude and kindness, which should govern them everywhere, even when alone, and when they thought no one could see, and there was no one present to observe. The scholars seemed deeply interested in the remarks. A very short time after the visitor left the school, a little boy rose in his seat and said—

"Miss L., I batted the ball that broke Mr. —'s window. Another boy threw the ball, but I batted it and it struck the window. I am willing to pay for it."

There was a death-like silence in the school, as the boy was speaking, and it continued a minute after he had closed.

"But it won't be right for him to pay the whole," said another boy, rising in his seat. "All of us that were playing should pay something, because we were all alike engaged in the play. I'll pay my share." And "I," and "I," said several voices. A thrill of pleasure ran through the school at this display of correct feeling. The teacher's heart was touched, and she felt more than ever the responsibility of her charge.—*Youth's Penny Gazette.*

FLOWERS UPON A MAIDEN'S COFFIN.

Scatter flowers upon her, ye blooming friends! Ye once indeed were wont to bring her flowers on her birth-day festivals. Now she is celebrating her greatest; for the bier is the cradle of heaven.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Died, in Milton, Mass., Aug. 26, 1851, of lung fever, Mrs. BETSEY, wife of Eld. John RAND, aged 66 years. Her sickness was short, her death sudden. It found her watching and waiting, ready to welcome the Saviour, saying "Come Lord Jesus, come quickly." Eld. Rand was among the earliest ministers in the Christian Connection, and therefore called to endure hardships and make great sacrifices, but in all these Sister Rand cheerfully shared, and sympathized most deeply with her husband in his arduous work. She was admirable in disposition, being a devoted wife, a kind and affectionate mother, a humble and exemplary Christian. To know her was to love her—her charm and sweetness was spread over her home which will long live while she indeed is gone. They had lived happily together for almost forty-eight years, with a loving family of thirteen children, ten of whom are still living. A more happy and united family circle is seldom seen; and O! how much did such a mother and Christian contribute to this holiest of ends. Bro. Rand, although deeply afflicted, is still remarkably sustained by the grace of God—and enabled to say, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight; all my appointed time will I wait, till my change come—I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness."—*Correspondent of Christian Herald and Messenger.*

Bro. JOHN G. WINTER died in Grafton, Mass., Oct. 28, 1850, aged 43 years. He was changed "from death unto life" about the year 1829, and joined the M. E. Church. His sickness was severe, and at times he was almost impatient to be gone, but by grace he was enabled to say fully, not my will, but thine be done. He said at last to his friends, "I would like to talk with you all, but I am too weak." O Lord, be thou the God of the widow, and her portion forever. Amen.

N. E. Village, Sept., 1851.

MARY JANE, daughter of Allen and Adeline Smith, died of consumption, in Lancaster, July 18, aged 18 years and 5 days. Lovely in person, intelligent and amiable, she possessed all those endearing qualities which twine around the heart. In the family circle she was uniformly cheerful, affectionate and kind. Her sickness, which was distressing in the extreme, she bore with patience and even cheerfulness. She was perfectly willing to die. She earnestly entreated her brothers to prepare to meet her in the better world. In the last agonies of dissolving nature, her countenance was perfectly radiant; the glories of heaven seemed unfolding to her enraptured vision.

"He cometh forth like the flower, and is cut down."

The above pathetic declaration of Holy Writ has a striking and mournful illustration in the death of LOVINA and MARY GILPATRICK, daughters of William and Lovina Gilpatrick, of this place. Lovina died Nov. 8, 1850, aged 17 years, and Mary died May 29, 1851, aged 15 years. Both were the victims of that insidious disease, pulmonary consumption, and until within a few weeks of their death, they were in the enjoyment of perfect health. Alas! how uncertain is health and life! These were young persons of rare promise, and greatly endeared to parents, sisters, and a large circle of friends and acquaintances, who are left to mourn, but not without hope. May the young be admonished of the uncertainty of life, and the infinite importance of making sure work for eternity.

Saco, Aug. 2. C. C. COLE.

THANKFUL J. WEEKS, daughter of Rev. Geo. and Susan B. Weeks, aged 18 years, died Aug. 13, in great peace, and in the assured hope of a blissful immortality. Her early religious education was carefully attended to, and produced its legitimate fruits. While quite young she was seriously awakened, and cheerfully gave up the pleasures of this world, and sought in the means of grace her only satisfaction. She did not gain, however, an evidence of conversion until two years ago, while the camp meeting was in session. Her experience was deep, clear, and satisfactory. From this time to her death she was in the furnace, but the "Form of the Fourth" was ever there, tempering the fiery blast by his suffering members. The very day she died she had cheered through the valley by the happy intelligence that her youngest sister had experienced religion the night before—the last night of our camp meeting. "I am glad, I am glad," she said, while light and happiness filled her soul and beamed forth upon her countenance.

G. W. STEARNS.
Holmes Hole, Sept. 8.

RUTH ANN, daughter of S. G. and D. S. Fletcher, died of consumption, in Bridgewater, N. H., July 14, aged 15 years. She experienced religion about nine months before her death. On the day of her death, she said to the writer of this sketch, that all was light beyond the grave. As her dissolution was evidently drawing near, she said that she was happy, and longed to go and be with Christ. The solemn hour of parting was at hand; her much respected parents, brothers and sisters were bid adieu by her amidst tears and sobs. Her deep affliction was borne with the true spirit of Christianity.

Plymouth, Sept. 9. G. W. H. CLARK.

MARY FERREN, wife of Benjamin Ferren, died in Warner, N. H., Sept. 6, 1851, in the 72d year of her age. She experienced religion at the age of 21, at which time she connected herself with the Baptist Church. For many years she has been a great sufferer, but as might have been expected, she endured it with Christian resignation; religion was her solace and support. She leaves a husband and several children to mourn her loss, but they sorrow not as those who have no hope. A few hours before her exit, she was asked if she was resigned to the will of God. With a heavenly smile upon her cheek, she replied, "O yes, all is well."

Concord, Sept. 11. C. C. GOSS.

Mrs. MARY SAVAGE, of Landaff, N. H., estimable wife of Jehiel Savage, passed away to the skies, on the 9th inst., aged 52 years, after suffering indescribably with a cancerous tumor for more than two years. Much might be said with propriety in regard to the many excellences of our departed sister, did your limits allow. Suffice it to say, that for thirty years, "in weal and woe," whether the little branch of our Zion